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VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1399.

Choice Poetry.

REVISED POEMS,

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

I NEVER WILL GROW OLD.

Oh no, I never will grow old;
Though years on years roll by,
And silver o'er my dark brown hair,
And dim my laughing eye;

And hollow out my full, warm cheek,
My figure sadly bend,—
And dull my ear, and crack my voice—
Yet these, these power shall end.

They shall not shrivel up my soul,
Nor dim the glance of love
My heart casts on this world of ours,
And lifts to that above!

Now, with a passion for those hearts
Whose weal, dear nature reigns,
With life's tide leaping through my heart,
And rose ing through my veins;

'Tis hard to think the time must come
When I can seek no more,
With step bold as a mountain child's,
Deep dell, and rocky shore

No longer on my swift young steed,
Bound o'er the hills as now,
And meet half way the winds that toss
The loose locks from my brow!

Yet still my spirit may go forth,
Where fearless fancy leads,
May taste at will, as glorious rides,
Oh wild, invisible steeds!

Yet tell me as a morning dream,
Shall these be years so long,
My humble, yet most passionate,
Adoring love of song!

No, no, life's ills may throng the way,
And pede and bend the knee;
And hope's bright banner lose the dust—
But lotty Poesy

Shall fling their slavish chains aside,
And spurn their dark control;
Their power, their might, they wrote
That lady of the soul!

My father—pleasant years may pass,
Ere his last sun shall set,—
And blessed be the God of life,
My mother lingers yet!

My mother! that dear name with mine,
A laughing, loving band—
A heaven-set guard along our paths,
Our six brave brothers stand

While God that points the light of joy
As sunshine round our home,
Oh, I'll be mindful of the love
For the stormy days to come!

In the joy and grief of every one,
I'll seek to share a part,
To comfort every sigh and wishes fond,
Come thronging to my heart;

The earnest praises of the young,
The blessings of the old—
I'll gather them in, I'll hoard them up,
As a sacred bundle of gold!

These fancies may die, yet hopeful true
Some heart one, fail me never,
I will plant roses on their graves—
Free to summer forever!

Smile on, dearest on, my life in sad,
Thou world in false and cold—
I'll keep my heart glad, true and warm—
I never will grow old!

Romance of Reality.

THE DESERTED SAILOR.

A TRUE STORY.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Among the groups known as the Caribbean Islands, there is a little spot—in a great atlas, scarcely more large as a pea's head, and in reality a mere dot in the waters that swell around it—called Somberero, a naked, desolate, barren, miserable lump of rock, the resort of the sea-gull, the occasional play-ground of the turtle, and the scene of the great billows of the Atlantic, which hurl their unwieldy bodies against it, as if it would take a very little to induce them to swallow it up altogether. However, the little island, with its territory embraced by a periphery of a mile and a half, has long kept up a gallant resistance, taking in obdurate nilleness the attack of the waves, which appear to be for ever gnashing their white teeth against its rugged sides. Somberero offers a striking exception to the character of the surrounding islands: it possesses no alluvial soil, no refreshing rivers, or brooks, or springs, no verdant vegetation; nothing, in short, to invite or to favor the residence of man, or to excite anything beyond the incidental notice of the passing vessel. His Majesty's sloop of war, the Recruit, on the 13th December, 1807, was standing towards this ungrowning spot, on which the first act in our drama opens. It was Sunday afternoon, and as the day closed in, the inland lifted its head, lonely and melancholy-looking at all times, in dusky obscurity above the waves, but looked out upon the ocean, if possible, even in greater solitude than ever. The Recruit was now about mile and a half off shore, when, between five and six o'clock in the evening, Captain Lennox, her commander, came on deck, having just risen from dinner, with a face flushed with wine, and a quick impatience of gesture which portended evil to some one on board. Giving a rapid glance at the dim mass of rock now so near, he hastily summoned the master, and asked,

"What island is this?"

"Somberero," was the reply.

"Have we not sometimes on board?"

"Yes, sir, there are two," answered the master, somewhat startled.

"Send up my pistols," said the captain.

The pistols were accordingly brought up, and after undergoing a careful examination as to their condition for service, were ostentatiously laid on the captain.

"Now send the ship painter here, with a strip of black tarpaulin, and his paint and brushes."

The master hurried down to execute this strange order, while the crew forward were gathered into little knots, each inquiring of the other what all this could mean. Presently the painter appeared with his tools and the piece of canvas in his hand.

"Take your brush and paint the word 'THIEF' on that piece of canvas; paint it in large letters!" exclaimed the captain.

With a hand not altogether the steadiest, and, under the fierce eye of the commander, not impressing on steadiness, the man proceeded to his task. The five letters of shame soon, however, glared from the canvas; and although not exactly conspicuous for perpendicular and rectangular accuracy of outline, they were plain enough for the purpose; and after completing his work, the man gladly received permission to go below.

"Now send Robert Jeffery up here; lower the ship's boat, and let her crew get ready to take her off to the shore yonder," shouted the captain, who had already worked himself up into a towering passion.

Robert Jeffery, a lad of eighteen, mate come on deck, little dreaming of the terrible sentence he was about to receive. He was dressed in a blue jacket and trousers, and he held his hat in his hand.

... he had neither shoes nor stockings. Giving a rapid, not glance at his pistols, the captain said to him—

"Jeffery, do you see that island? I am going to land you on it."

The poor fellow looked astonished, but dared not offer any remonstrance; and was effectually prevented from resisting the cruel order, by being immediately hurried over the side of the ship, and seated in the boat's stern, with the lieutenant and the boat's crew. He was allowed no time to collect his scattered... "Never mind his things," thundered the captain to one of the men who was endeavoring hastily to gather together a few necessary articles for the lad. He was cast out of the ship without provisions, without shoes, without a covering beyond the clothes he wore; and in this destitute condition he was rapidly scowled asunder, by the powerful strokes of the oars of the boat's crew, who pulled away from the ship with the speed of men who were anxious to get rid of a disagreeable duty.

The boat soon reached the island, and Jeffery was ordered to get out. He did so, and was then told to walk up to the top of the rock, which he did, with the crew following him. Arrived there, the lieutenant, who was the bearer of the captain's orders, addressed him as follows:—

"Jeffery, the captain, who is your superior officer, has ordered me to land you on this island, and to leave you here. I am sorry for it, but I must obey my orders. You have been tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to be turned adrift on a desert island, for striking your superior officer. You have now your sentence executed, and I wish you well."

The boat's crew, who had been ordered to keep aloof, now pushed off, and left the lad alone on the rock. He stood for some time looking after the boat, and then, as it reached the ship, he saw the men hoisting it on board. The ship then filled her sails, and stood away to the northward, and in a few minutes was out of sight.

Leaving Jeffery to his fate, let us follow the ship. Directing her course to Barbadoes, she there joined the admiral's squadron. But the hard-hearted act of her captain being whispered about, it at length came to the admiral's ears, and he, after severely reprimanding him for his cruelty, commanded him immediately to return and look for the man. Two months had passed since he was set on shore, when the Recruit again hove in sight of this melancholy island; and now, under the sting of an avenging conscience, and the terrors of a prospective court-martial, the commander hastily despatched a boat to the shore, with the same commanding officer and men who had landed his victim, giving them urgent directions to leave no corner unsearched. On landing, they disturbed a vast flock of the boobies or "noddies," and found near the shore a multitude of nests full of their eggs, and of young birds recently fledged, which hopped about in all directions. At this visit it was broad daylight, and now they saw to what a dreadful tomb their captain had consigned Jeffery two months previously. They searched in vain for a drop of fresh water. There were many sparkling pools as clear as crystal; but every one, without exception, was salt, and consequently undrinkable. The island had a craggy, sharp aspect; but on the summit was perfectly flat, naked, and barren, unless a little withered grass, rough and wiry-like, can be called a production, and a thin coat of sand and a little detritus a covering.

After a long search, nothing was discovered of Jeffery. But a ragged handkerchief was picked up by one of the men, and to their dismay a letter-ed pair of trousers by another. Again and again they explored the rocks, dividing, and uniting, and searching every hole and corner; but they found nothing more. They at length returned, and reported the fruitless result of their expedition to their anxious captain; and the news rapidly spread among the men, who, on hearing of the bonnetless handle and the trousers, were unanimous in the conviction that Jeffery had perished, and probably by a violent death. The boat was again ordered on shore, and this time the captain himself went in her; every cranny in the island was again searched, but with the same result. There was no hope of absorbing bones to indicate his death by the attacks of the birds; but the handle and the torn garment seemed to quench all hopes of his existence. What had become of him? was the universal inquiry; and a profession of utter ignorance, and of the inability even to conjecture, was the universal answer.

The Recruit again quitted Somberero for Barbadoes. Captain Lennox appeared before the admiral, and expressing a conviction, which his anxiety and fears belied, that the lad was safe, and must have been picked up by some passing vessel, the admiral was satisfied, and with a culpable willingness to forgive, suffered the matter to rest; and it rested, strange to say, for two years; but it was again to be got into agitation. A person having experienced, as he conceived, some injustice at the hands of the admiral, and being in full possession of all the particulars of the cruelty he had on lighted passed over, determined to bring it to the light. He addressed a letter to a member of Parliament, the representative of his native city, and strongly insisted upon the propriety of calling a court-martial upon the captain, in order to bring the question to an issue. This appeal was sufficiently powerful to set in motion the whole official machinery. A court of inquiry was summoned, and sufficient grounds were procured for the appointment of a court-martial. The step was exceedingly tardy: many witnesses of the deed were removed, whose testimony proved the fact beyond the possibility of doubt; and the particulars were given with a clearness which, considering the lapse of time since the event, was remarkable, but was easily to be accounted for by the deep impression and excitement the circumstances had created. The Recruit, in consequence was lately to have made on the minds of the men. In the defence, no attempt was made to deny the fact; but it was pleaded that the lad Jeffery was of rebellious character, and had proved incorrigible while on board. Nothing from that defence, however, could be considered as a justification; and the court, after a brief consultation, found the captain guilty of the charge, and sentenced him to be severely reprimanded by the admiral, and made incapable of ever serving again in his majesty's service; and he was dismissed from the service accordingly.

We will turn to the "Times" newspaper for February 19, 1810, will find under the head of "Court-martial" a few particulars of this singular case; and on looking over Cobbett's "Weekly Register" about the same period, it will be seen that the public excitement on the subject was extreme. The whole of the newspapers of the day reviewed the entire approbation of the country. So far an act of justice was signally rendered; but where was the victim in the meanwhile? Was he dead or alive? Had he been killed, or killed himself, or been drowned, or starved, or drowned, or rescued? Upon a memorial by a petition to the House of Commons, further inquiries about his fate were immediately set on foot. Official instructions were forwarded to our plenipotentiary in the United States; for the report went that an American ship had picked up the lad, and that he was taken, and the result was as follows:—At a town of the name of Marblehead, near Boston, in Massachusetts, the lost Robert Jeffery was said to have been discovered. He was immediately taken before the magistrates, and after interrogating, gave the following account of himself:

He stated that he was twenty-one years of age; was born in Penzance, a village in Cornwall; had been seized by a pressgang when he was eighteen, which carried him on board the Recruit; and having been brought up in the trade of a blacksmith, he was appointed the master's mate on board of her. She soon afterwards sailed for the West Indies; after a while her stock of water ran low, the crew were allowed but a certain quantity daily, and he becoming very thirsty, went down into the hold, broke open a beer cask, and drank off about two quarts of spirits... Being in a state of intoxication, he fell overboard, and was left behind. He then stated that he was picked up by a fisherman, who took him to his house, and treated him with the greatest humanity and kindness. He was then taken to the house of the American Governor, who also

bundling it to smash. But I'll try if it will go a little this morning." And have the jokes finished off the top of his curiously shaped head, wiped the other and turned, and slap and open with his silk handkerchief; blowed it, the string below where there are some curiously wrought figures, and other wise twisted and screwed and spat upon it, and blowed it again, and then looked at the picture by everybody in the room, both grand and Chinamen and all, wedged in about the *fabled* instrument, in anticipation of most interesting remarks! The two "down Easts" were holding over "Ike's Colonies" and "Jenny Bottoms" while the other degenerate of the gentlemen to favor them with "Il Pirata," or "Marble Halls," while a blood thirsty devourer of two drilling scouts wanted "The Pirate's Fling!"

"Be calm; keep cool, gentlemen," said Dodge, "if you shall all be satisfied." And again he screwed, twisted, snorted and blowed, but nothing came except a *de-lute call*—Dodge is not only a good singer and music, but a good ventriloquist—the faint fairy like sounds of which were heard gently coming from the wondrous instrument; the crowd were breathless; Dodge raised his big eyes full of melody and *fun* towards the open skylight overhead; a loud shriek and cry—*"child overboard! help"* was heard upon deck, every body rushed up the steps, but no child was there in peril! And, about that room, Dodge and his case disappeared suddenly and mysteriously!

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1848.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the monumental Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsable person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it combines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as that of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently. In

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

The news from France by the Cambria is of a truly gratifying character. The elections had passed off peaceably, nearly two-thirds of the electors exercising their privilege—which is, we believe, about the proportion of our own citizens that turn out at a Presidential election. The result of the election in Paris, so far as it has been ascertained, proves conclusively what men and principles enjoy the confidence and support of the great mass of the people. Lamartine—who seems worthy to be called the Washington of France—has been elected by nearly a million of votes, while Louis Blanc, Albert, and other Communist leaders received only about one vote in twenty. Last week, as our readers will remember, we singled out the names of Lamartine, Marrast, Arago and Dupont de l'Eure, as being at the head of the whole ticket of the Republican leaders—it seems from the results of the Paris election that we had arrived at the same conclusions as the people of Paris. For the first few on the list of the elected are Lamartine, Dupont de l'Eure, Garnier Pages, Arago and Marrast. It is a matter of congratulation and a passage of happy termination of the Revolution, that the people should have passed by demagogues, babblers and visionaries, and chosen the wisest and most moderate of the popular leaders as their representatives in the National Assembly. And this result—a universal suffrage, cannot but strengthen immense by the hands of Lamartine and his friends, and cause universal suffrage itself to be regarded will favor, by those who have hitherto looked upon the principle as a wild beast, and free suffrage but the trapping of the chaos which politicians have been accustomed to associate it with, the career of which, if unchecked, must end in anarchy and blood, and ultimately itself, to pierce. Had the people of France proved themselves unfit for liberty, by selecting as their representatives the most ultra and fanatical of the liberal party, the effect upon the cause of universal suffrage in Great Britain would have been most deplorable. But as it is, we think the fine practical working of the measure in France, will do much to reconcile the middle classes of England to this main article of the Chartist creed.

Meetings already have been held in various parts of England, in support of the movement begun by Cobden, Bunns, and other members of Parliament in favor of extension of the suffrage, &c.—embracing four out of the fourteen main points of the Charter. The Chartist themselves have been holding simultaneous meetings throughout the kingdom—one of which were very numerously attended Pancsably or forcibly, it is evident, there will be no attempt to resist the suffrage in England—and that we think, bodes many years.

In Ireland the Agitation still continues, though the Repeal papers have been forced to moderate their language somewhat, by the "Gag Law" recently passed in Parliament. The corporation or Dublin have addressed an address to the Queen in favor of Repeal. It was reported that "Martial Law" was to be proclaimed in Dublin and other disaffected places.

On the Continent the Promises seems have taken Schleswig and Flensburg from the Danes. If there is no interference on the part of other powers, the Prussians, supported as they are by the popular feeling of the revolted provinces, will ultimately retain the mastery. The course of Russia is still involved in doubt. There was a report in London of the wounding of the Czarina, that the despote had been amicably arranged. The Danes, according to American notions, are decidedly in the wrong. The two provinces that have thrown off their allegiance to Denmark, and determined to become component parts of the German confederation, are thoroughly German by descent and language, and naturally wish to be connected with their brethren, instead of strangers.

In Italy the Sardinians have thrown off the authority of the Bourbon King or Naples, and talk of a new King, and even of a Republic. The Parliament, it is reported, have been triumphant over the Austrians in another though by no means decisive battle; and the plan of a general Confederation of the Italian States is being agitated at Rome.

Spain and Portugal are in a most unsettled state, and we should not be surprised to hear, at any time, of overturnings in both kingdoms. The conclusion we come to is, that affairs are yet by no means settled in Europe. And we doubt that there will be more stability in that part of the world, until the Governments of the greater portion of it settle down upon the broad basis of popular sovereignty. It we read aright the signs of the times, the night of Monarchy and Aristocracy is passing away, and the day of Republicanism has dawned. And though that night may not retire without its moans and fears and stars, the world will still hail with rapture the glorious rising of Freedom's sun. Let there arise a morning hymn of prayer and praise from the liberated nations!

LEDRU ROLLIN.

A Paris correspondent of one of the London papers, describes Ledru Rollin as a "corpulent, swaggering-looking, youngish sort of a man, with a countenance of more expressiveness of the rascal than he saw him on the great "Fraternization" day.—M. Rollin arrived, he says, at the place of meeting before the rest of the Provisional Government (save Lamartine,) but "not a cheer was raised for him." This would seem to prove that M. Rollin was not very popular with the masses. On the other hand, some of the American papers, are kicking up quite a tempest in a tea-pot, because the great majority of their contemporaries, judging from the best information they can procure, denominate Ledru Rollin a jacobin. We have no wish to picture Ledru Rollin, or any other man, a shade blacker than he really is, but it seems to us folly to assert that there are not two parties in the Provisional Government, however they may from the nature of the case appear to be united, and that of one of these parties—the largest minded and largest hearted—the head is Lamartine, while Ledru Rollin is either the head or a prominent member of the other.

The above remarks were written before the arrival of the Cambria—the news brought by her of the result of the elections in Paris, shows that Ledru Rollin does not represent the masses. Lamartine received ninety-five votes in every hundred. Ledru Rollin only seven in every hundred. It is now doubtful whether the latter is elected at all—so much for American sympathy with Ledru Rollin.

AN AMERICAN KING.

While Europe is toppling down kings, America is setting one up. The Yucatan Indians have elected a king, who either bears or has taken the name name of the last representative of the royal race of Yucatan, three hundred years ago. Very probably he is a lineal descendant of the old royal family.

The poet says, "Unhappy land the land that wants a name"—but of the Indians of Yucatan have any of the foreign feeble opposition of our Indians, their king may consider himself extremely happy so long as he is able to wear his crown.

THE LAST TRICK.

Chickering's pianos, manufactured by Jonas Chickering of Boston, are known throughout the country for very favorably; and a piano with a plate of peculiar appearance, containing the words "Chickering, Boston," will sell considerably better than if it had some other name we might mention upon it, or even none at all. Of course, many pianos are fictitious ones—but chickering's may seem a very easy thing to put the words "Chickering, Boston," upon a piano, it is really a most difficult operation that some of the simple minded might suppose—the appearance of which might not be gotten over for a long time and only at the log end of a voracious sale for damages. But it one day occurred to a certain very classy dealer in pianos, who it is evident has "no music in his soul," and is therefore fit for "treason, stratagems and spoils," and whom we may call Joseph L. Tunnel Sly, that if he could have his name stamped by the Legislature into Sly to Chickering, he then could put "Chickering, Boston," on his pianos, and reap all the advantages thereunto belonging. It is, as every one knows, a very easy matter in this country, to have one's name changed. The Legislature knew no reason for refusing Joseph's request, and so they granted it. Soon Joseph Tunnel Sly became legally Joseph Sly Chickering, and soon a double quantity of pianos began to leave Boston with the name of "Chickering" upon them.

But alas for the best laid schemes! Joseph Sly Chickering forgot that what the Legislature could do, it could also undo—but Jonas Chickering, the genuine "Chickering," was by no means unconscious of this fact. He had a statement of the whole matter laid before the representatives of the people, and petitioned that Joseph Sly Chickering should be stripped of his borrowed plumage, and made to appear once more as plain Joseph Tunnel Sly. The Legislature listened, laughed, confessed to a "true sympathy," could do much, and "granted a change in the moment!" so each individual as Mr. Joseph Sly Chickering had a legal existence. Again, there was only one Chickering, and one exceedingly small, infinitesimal Mr. Joseph Tunnel Sly.

WORKS OF ART.

It seems that Messrs. Dayton and Hale of the Senate have not a very high opinion of some of the works of art which *adorn* the Capitol. Mr. Dayton, in a recent speech, described the statue of Columbus and the Indian Maiden, as "a man rolling sixpence, and a girl frightened, lest the ball should fall on her toes:" while Mr. Hale spoke of Greenough's Washington as one of the "most ill-conceived statues" he ever beheld, resembling "some one of the Heathen deities."

We have never seen the statues above alluded to, but we have seen drawings of them, and are strongly inclined to unite with Messrs. Dayton and Hale in their condemnation. Painters and sculptors, in our opinion, are often not the best judges of what kinds of pictures and statues are suitable to adorn the Capitol of this great Republic. The most of them have their heads so full of classic models, that they do not perceive that it does not always follow that what was proper for Greece and Rome, is not equally proper for us. They seem to forget that in Legislative Halls the spectator must follow as closely as possible in the old foot marks. But the common intellect and heart are in this matter wiser than the scholar's. They see and feel that this blind imitation of the old models is unworthy of a free American genius and is something eminently ludicrous either in a half naked statue of Washington, or in one rigged out in a dress which, when he was alive, he would have been thought crazy to have publicly appeared in. And for our part, we think a noble man looks just as noble in an American coat, vest and pants, as in a Roman toga. And even if he did not —let us, in Heaven's name, be ourselves, be Americans. Let us have no more puppets, but develope whatever beauty appertains to our own natural styles of dress, of building, of manners. Greece and Rome were great in their day; but we do not perceive that they were any greater than America is. But be it so or not, we have our own path and destiny, our own climate, customs, modes of thought, habits and fashions, as they had theirs.

THE PORTLAND MOB.

Mr. George Davis, whose house was broken into and his property mostly destroyed by the mob, is he assured that it was all a mistake, quite a mistake, and that they exonerate him from all blame. If we did not live in Philadelphia, we would say that every person engaged in that Portland mob, who could be identified, (and that result will be a few,) should be made to suffer pretty severely in purse and personal liberty for their outrageous conduct. But we do not say this, for we are a Philadelphian. Not that we have many mobs now-a-days in Philadelphia—oh, no, our authorities have kept upon a most cunning plan of putting them down. If anything unpopular is going on, and there is any talk of a mob, the authorities begin early with their arrangements. Their first step is to notify the obnoxious party that the meeting, or whatever it is, must not take place, or does not prove successful, they—but this always does prove successful. It always works well—The mob are satisfied, the citizens at large are satisfied, the authorities are satisfied, everybody is satisfied, except the few discontented and reasonable grumblers who have been "put down." Ah, the efficiency of the Philadelphia police is only equalled by the proverbial acuteness of the "Philadelphia lawyers." United they are almost too much for one city.

KILLED HIS MAN.

Among the other important questions that have been settled by the Court Martial now sitting in Mexico, is that of General Pillow and the Mexican officer. The testimony seems to put it beyond dispute that the gallant General *did* what a celebrated civilian and he would like to do, "kill a Mexican." The testimony proves beyond all reasonable doubt, that upon a certain occasion "some officer or officers" did some cuss words in a direction towards the bridge where Gen. Pillow was advancing"—that, thereupon, the gallant General, with a degree of presence of mind that does him credit, "drew his pistol from the holster, and fired at one of the officers, *who fell to the ground*: that his horse started towards Gen. Pillow on a *re-angle* line: and that Gen. Pillow gave directions to a soldier that was standing near him *to take the horse*," which was accordingly done.

The Court of Inquiry having thus conclusively settled the point of law, that the Mexican officers "or one of them" would respectfully suggest a question by it into that other equally important question, which has hitherto baffled the researches of the most patiently curious, "Who struck Billy Patterson?"

THE LOTTERY SYSTEM.

Green, the Reformed Gambler, who is now in this City, is organizing his forces for a determined onset upon the Lottery System. He has had tickets printed in the usual lottery style, which will admit *people* to his lectures upon the subject; has obtained a wheel which has been used in one of the principle lottery offices in Washington City, and intends to show up the trickery of the whole concern. His determination is to procure the passage of laws in every State of the Union, prohibiting the drawing of lotteries and the sale of tickets. The mischief done by lotteries is immense, and we wish Mr. Green all success in his new movement. He is just the man to show up all kinds of trickery and gambling. We advise the proprietors of lotteries to look out for squalls, and trim their sails accordingly. The lottery system is all done for it never gets to work it. It might as well say as the cow did to Captain Scott, "There's no use in wasting your powder, Captain Scott; if that's you I'll come down."

FATHER MATHEW.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal of the 22nd ult., understands that Father Mathew will visit America this month. It however brings the serious charge against the Father, that he "has sullied his fame and character by his connection with the Saxon oppressors," and warns the Irish of this country against him. This is curious enough. Father Mathew does not seem to be made of that stuff to take part against his country—though he might, and still be a patriot. They propose to make an appeal to violent remedies. Besides it is believed that he is not coming until August. Perhaps the Freeman is mistaken in both matters.

SAD.

It is and to read of a whole family, possessed of considerable talent among them, given up to criminal practices. Such a family is that of Hosmer Pierpont, the forger, counterfeiter. Her father died in a Philadelphia prison; his mother is at Sing Sing, New York; she has a brother at Moyamensing Prison, in this county, another in the Massachusetts State Prison, and two others at Sing Sing. Hosmer himself served out his time at the State Prison, and after a short interval, is again under lock and key for contract. Such an instance of a whole family devoting themselves to crime, is truly pitiable. It seems to run in the blood, as in a vicious education —most probably in both.

TOO FAST.

It is now averred that Col. H——, in his letter on Mexico, did not confound Isaac and Robert with Jacob and Rachel in his scripture and illustrations of Mexican manners. He was right on one point. We cheerfully make this correction, and take our leave of the gallant Colonel with the most profound respect—trusting that he will not neglect our advice as to the Congressional Sunday School.

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT

A reverend gentleman writes to us from Bangor, Me., as follows:

It is needless for me to say anything in commendation of your paper, after what has already been said by so many whose opinions are of greater value than mine; but I cannot let the opportunity pass without expressing to you the gratification which the perusal of your valuable paper affords. It is without exception the best paper of its kind ever published in the United States.

PROPERTY OF WOMEN.

It seems that the New York Legislature will not succeed in getting their new laws relative to the property of married women, exactly even; before it was one-sided in favor of the husband, now it is a little one-sided in favor of the wife—so while the husband's property is liable for all debts contracted in it, the wife's property, by the wife's labor, is her own. This, however, can be easily rectified by the next Legislature.

The Literary World contains several letters having upon the new order of things, which it gives as the views of Dickens, and which perhaps he has written under the new law. We copy one of them:

"My Dear Wife: Lawyer Spike here in Albany tells me that the new marriage law gives you full and absolute control over the property and profits of the house you cousin let us last year, and which he has lately bequeathed to you. I write, therefore, at once to ask you what the rent will be next year, as it is time for me to look about for a home. Please state also what you will do in the way of painting and repairs. Your affectionate husband,

SETH PAT.

"P. S. Lawyer Spike tells me that by the terms of your cousin's will, you are bound to pay for our children's education, out of the legacy he left you, along with the house; but that (from a part of the old law, which has not been cancelled by it, new act) I am still responsible for all support I have upon these four food and clothing; and having concluded, upon mature reflection, not to take a child this year, I add this postcript to ask you what you will charge us for board in your home? I can get it here on Capitol-hill for 12s. a week for the little ones. And as Mr. Lehrge has raised my office rent this year, I think of having a cow hastened there for myself, instead of going to the expense of one for myself and family, and taking my meals at Clark & Brown's. I wish, by the way, that there was a replacement for married people of both sexes, and that they could live together economically. I will write soon, and tell me of any of your plans that I may forward, without taking too much attention from my own concerns.

Another letter, purporting to be from a young gentleman who cannot abide figures and the trouble of taking care of money, to his "dear Mary and sweet," winds up with the following:

"N. B.—As you have struck my allowance for 'cigar money' from the contract, I must insist, Mary dear, upon a specification being inserted, both as to the number and the brand which you are to allow me weekly."

We trust that Mary will not relent. If he wants "cigar money" let him go and work for it. He will not then be very particular about the "brand;" "long-nines" will be sweet enough for him.—Doubtless, however, "long nines" would be his policy—to smoke his dear Mary into a handsome allowance. Poor women, fix it as you will, the men are certain to impose on them.

AN IRISH ADDRESS.

An address to the friends of Ireland in the United States, has been issued at Dublin. It is signed by Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, and appears to be an individual appeal. Mr. M'Gee says that the end of July is too late for an American Convention—that everybody in Ireland will not allow them to wait until August. He says:

"The Government by which we are cursed and destroyed, are using every art and artifice to drive us into premature revolt. Every day we live in Ireland, the ground is hardened by rashness, neither must we lose it by retreating. Every event apparently goes to prove that they will not yield except by force. The Parliament of this Kingdom is Self-Legislation and Self-Taxation. Ireland cannot, must not yield. This is our position, and while I will have sufficient votes to secure his return. M. Louis Blanc, Albert, Flocon, Raspail, and Cabet are distanced a long way. M. Lamartine has generally obtained 85 per cent., and M. Ledru Rollin 35 per cent. of the votes. Louis Blanc and Albert, the latter of whom I vote in 20. The Marquis d'Aoncourt, a large proprietor, and of the moderate party, is elected for the Pas de Calais. So far as it can be ascertained at present, it appears that not more than two-thirds of the qualified electors in Paris have exercised the right of voting.

Next to the elections, the internal dissensions of the Government excite attention. Another explosion is reported to have taken place on the 24th ult., in which, as usual, M. Lamartine and Ledru Rollin were in open conflict; the latter deserted the Government sitting in a huff, and on the 25th ult., by

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1848.

THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN.
A STORY
BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Determined to leave nothing undone to maintain for the MAMMOTH POST the reputation it has acquired of being the "Best Weekly Paper in America," we have the pleasure of announcing to our vast and rapidly increasing family of readers, that we shall open the Summer Campaign, with the publication of a new story from the pen of that powerful and thrilling American writer, Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS.

We shall commence the publication of Mrs. Stephens's story in the early part of June next.

It is hardly necessary to add that those who have it in contemplation to subscribe to the Post during the coming season, will find it much to their advantage to send on their names *by the first of next month*, in time for the opening of Mrs. Stephens's story. We shall print a large number of extra copies, but, judging of the future by the past, it will be hardly possible to supply the great demand for back numbers. The best plan for those intending to subscribe, is to send on their names as soon as possible—as they not only thus confer a favor upon us, by letting us know to what extent to increase our edition, but have the satisfaction of receiving their papers fresh in all their departments. ts

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 9th, Mr. Hannegan moved to take up the bill relating to Yucatan, which prevailed.

Mr. Lewis offered an amendment to the amendment offered by Mr. Davis, so as not to violate the important principle of non-intervention, and urged its adoption, because if we put our action upon the ground of humanity, there was no knowing how far that might carry us in interfering with other nations. He put it upon the ground that Mexico owes protection to the inhabitants of Yucatan, and as we have put down the ability of the general government to afford that protection, it becomes a duty that we owe to Yucatan. We should substitute ourselves for Mexico, as their protectors, until Mexico is able to resume that duty.

Mr. Davis accepted the amendment.

Mr. Niles spoke in strong terms of opposition to the original bill, which he characterized as a most extraordinary measure of war and conquest.

Mr. Niles ridiculed the idea of the alarm that had been expressed at the growth of British power upon this continent, and said we had nothing to fear from any power on earth. We had no more reason to fear England than we had to dread encroachon by Mexico. Whatever we could properly do for Yucatan should be cheerfully done. Upon the conclusion of his remarks, the Senate adjourned.

On the 10th, the bill for the relief of the settlers under the Florida armed occupation act was taken up, on motion of Mr. Westcott, and passed.

The consideration of the Yucatan bill was resumed. Mr. Cass addressed the Senate with ability, in a speech of considerable length, in support of the bill, and in reply to Mr. Niles' remarks of the previous day.

On the 11th, the Senate resumed the consideration of the Yucatan bill, and Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, addressed the Senate, discussing the questions involved in the bill at considerable length. When he had concluded, Mr. Miller obtained the floor, and the Senate adjourned.

On the 12th, a message was received from the House with the bill admitting Wisconsin into the Union. It was read twice, and referred to the Committee on Territories.

Agreeable to notice, Mr. Douglass asked, and obtained leave to bring in a bill granting public lands to Iowa, for the construction of a railroad connecting the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. Referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, obtained leave to bring in a bill amending the act for adjusting land claims in the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, and parts of Louisiana and Alabama. Referred to the Committee on Private Land Claims.

Mr. Bagby moved to take up the bill providing for the payment of the interest on the advances made by Alabama to the Government during the Seminole hostilities. This motion prevailing, the amendment offered by Mr. Pearce extending the principle to all the States making advances, was adopted. The bill as amended was then passed.

On motion of Mr. Davis, the bill relating to bounty lands, reversing the decision of the Commissioner of Pensions relating thereto, was taken up, and after being amended, was passed.

On the 13th, Mr. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi presented the petition of Col. King, of New York, to be received by the Senate. In presenting the petition of a regiment to be raised by him in said State, to aid Yucatan, or to be permitted to go there on their own account. It was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

Mr. Dayton, of New Jersey, offered a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury to communicate to the Senate the amount of iron and coal imported into the United States, from July, 1847, to the 1st of May, 1848.

Mr. Cass, of New York, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill in favor of admitting certain articles of produce from Canada into our ports, without duty, on condition that like articles produced in the United States shall be admitted into Canada also without duty, which was read twice.

On motion, the morning business was laid aside, and the bill previously under consideration, for extending aid to Yucatan, was taken up, when

Mr. Miller, of New Jersey, being entitled to the floor, rose and addressed the Senate in opposition to the bill.

On the 15th, Mr. Yulee moved to take up the bill relating to School lands in Florida, which prevailing, the bill was read a third time and passed.

The Yucatan bill was then taken up, and Mr. Calhoun addressed the Senate in a speech of considerable length in opposition to the bill. He entered into an argument to show that the case of Yucatan, even as stated by the President, does not come within the declarations of President Monroe, and that those declarations do not afford the slightest ground for the measure proposed by the bill as reported from the Committee on Foreign Relations.

We had no proof that England contemplated assuming sovereignty over Yucatan, and even if she did, it would not bring the case within the declaration of Mr. Monroe. These declarations, too, in the broad sense now given them, had been most emphatically disavowed by the Republican party, he thought, three years after being made. He challenged any Senator to produce a single instance where they had been carried into effect, but the instances he would be in favor of interfering were it proved that England was about to take possession of Yucatan. The latter step would add nothing to England's security, and would not be interfering with or cutting off our trade with the West Indies, and his reply would thereby be that he would not be for interfering.

He adverted other reasons for opposing the bill. Our military occupation of Yucatan would be expensive, and the state of Europe admonishes us to husband our resources so as to be prepared for any emergency that may arise. He therefore opposed the bill and all the amendments that had been offered.

The House bill providing vuntilation for passenger ships was passed after being amended.

A message was received from the President, transmitting certain correspondence between the Navy Department and Commodore Perry, from which it appears that a detachment of marines had been ordered to proceed to Laguna to repel the Indians, but not to march into the interior. Adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 9th, the Speaker announced the first business in order to be the motion to reconsider the passage of the bill providing for the payment of the Texas regiment of six months volunteers. The reconsideration was carried, and the bill passed.

On the 10th, the House went into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, in the chair, and took up the Wisconsin bill. Mr. Dickinson spoke in favor and Mr. Callamer in opposition to the passage of the bill. The discussion was continued by Messrs. Morse, Tuesby, McClernand, Jones, of Tennessee, and Smith of Indiana, after which, the Committee rose, and reported the bill to the House, with amendments.

On the 11th, the House took up the Wisconsin bill, and passed it as amended, in Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Lincoln moved a reconsideration of the bill, but after making a speech, was induced to withdraw the motion.

Mr. Brown addressed the House upon a motion for early leave by him, to reconsider the bill regulating the compensation of Postmasters. He opposed the amendment by the House to the bill adopted by the Senate. He said that the Postmaster was deserved an increase rather than a diminution of the compensation.

Mr. Stephens moved to lay the motion upon the table, but the re-consideration was carried, and after various amendments had been offered to the bill, it was finally referred to the Committee on Post-office and Post-roads.

On motion of Mr. Vinton the House went into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, in the chair, and took up the Revolutionary Pension bill.

Mr. Rockwell, of Connecticut, spoke warmly in defence and justification of his former speech, also to the finest building, gentlemen to the back,' in which he professed to oppose certain blunders and mis-statements in the Secretary of the Treasury's Report. He brought up fresh charges of errors, and produced vouchers in proof of his assertions.

This subject was further discussed by Messrs. Strong, Vinton and Sawyer, after which several amendments were offered to the bill, but without action the Committee rose and the House adjourned.

On the 12th, on motion of Mr. Goggin, the vote of the day before, referring the bill relative to the compensation of Postmasters, was reconsidered, and the bill, as it previously passed the House, was sent to the Senate.

On the 13th, Mr. Rockwell, of Connecticut, moved that the House proceed to the consideration of the regular order of business, which was agreed to, whereupon the House resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole, Mr. Simons, of South Carolina, in the chair, and Mr. Tucker, of New Hampshire, took up the slave indemnity case. This brought out a discussion on slavery, which was characterized by much animation and spirit, and participated in by Mr. Rhett, of South Carolina, Mr. Burt, of the same State, and Mr. Chapman, of Maryland, with others.

The slavery discussion was afterwards kept up by Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, and others, in a heated and excited manner, when the Committee rose and reported progress, and the House adjourned to Monday.

On the 15th, the bill refunding moneys advanced to volunteers was passed.

The bill to continue the charter of the City of Washington was considered and passed.

Mr. Hooley moved to reconsider the bill, and spoke against it as odious, as it contained the property qualification.

Mr. McLane denied the statement, and made a spirited reply.

After further discussion the motion was laid upon the table.

Andrew Stewart submitted a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury for the amount of broadcloths and cotton exported to England during two specified periods, to show whether they had been increased by the operation of the present tariff.

An interesting debate ensued, which was participated in by Messrs. Charles J. Ingersoll, Stewart and Bagby.

Mr. Bailey offered as an amendment that the Secretary include in his reply the exports of broadstuffs during the last twenty years.

This motion prevailed, and the resolution, as amended, was passed. Adjourned.

Miscellaneous.

POPE PIUS IX.

A letter in the Boston Advertiser, dated Rome, March 20th, thus describes the person and manners of the present Pope:

Two days ago, I had the honor of a private presentation to his holiness. The dignity and simplicity of his manners are very striking. The gentleman who obtained the audience for me, and who went to introduce me, is an Abbot. His holiness was standing by him, fully dressed in plain white robes, and with a little white cap covering the crown of his head. My friend preceded me a little in entering the room, and when I halted within the door, and not far from it, to make my bow, the Abbot was down upon his face, trying to kiss the Pope's foot; but he was not standing, is no easy performance. I believe I faltered a little at the sight of this perfect prostration, when his holiness addressed me briskly in French, saying, "Come in, come in, my son," at the same moment extending his right hand with an invi ting gesture, and endeavoring to induce my ghostly friend to make short work of diving at his foot. I confess to kissing the Pope's ring before I parted with his hand.

He immediately began to speak of the United States—said he was very thankful for the kind notice of him which the people of our country had taken—and the Government had sent him some valuable books—that he was always happy to see any countrymen, and thought the happiness of the portion of the people was well secured in the United States, &c., &c. His holiness is evidently quite familiar with our political history, and has a lofty appreciation of the character of Washington. He manifested acquaintance with the great men of the past and present, and among the latter, spoke of Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Calhoun.

In size, figure, and a certain brisk carriage of his person, Pius IX. reminded me of Chancellor Kent, of twenty years ago. The expression of his countenance is that of sadness and anxiety; and this, I thought, was especially manifested when an allusion was made to the reception of his new Constitution; and he replied—"It is very difficult to provide for the wants of all—in a case so complex as that committed to my charge. I have most at heart the spiritual interest of the people, and what has now been done, I hope may promote that, as well as their temporal happiness." Soon after this we took our leave. His holiness gave us his hand again, and obeying more the impulse of the moment than the etiquette of the Court, I gave it a rather smart republican shake, wherent I thought the holy father took no offence. Coming out into the drawing-rooms, I found a party of English and Germans waiting to be presented in a body, and as I had been called in first, and remained some time, I fancied John Bull looked a little sour at Brother Jonathan as he made his way into and out of their presence. Pius IX. lives in the most frugal way, and bestows all his income on the poor. I cannot help feeling great respect for him, and I believe him to be a sincere and devout man of God.

METALLIC FIRE-PROOF PAINT.

This is a discovery to which we have before alluded, but now have the pleasure of being able to give our readers a more particular description, derived from the discoverer himself whose preparation seems to elicit very high commendation.

The article is found on the lands of Mr. W. Blake, near Akron, Ohio, and is like to prove an invaluable discovery. It is being extensively used in the West for steamboat decks, for the first coating upon buildings, as cement for roofs and surfaces much exposed to fire. Any work covered with this cement presents a smooth black surface and is susceptible of the finest polish. In a few months it becomes equal in consistency to marble, and perfectly impervious to fire or water. So long as the substance to which it is applied lasts, so long will the cement remain unimpaired. When taken from the earth in its crude state it very nearly resembles indigo, and yields under the knife like clay, but when exposed for a short time to the action of the atmosphere it becomes perfectly solidified like stone or hard shale. By analysation it is found to consist of nearly equal parts of Magnesia, alumine, and silex mixed with lesser proportions of black oxide of iron, sulphuret of iron, lime and carbon. Mr. B. informs us that it is prepared for market by being first ground to a fine soft powder, which is free from grit, sand or earthy particles. When used it is mixed in the usual manner with linseed oil, and applied with a brush to the surface of whatever substance is to be covered. Were this cement or paint, applied to every roof not slated either in the city, town, or country as a sure external protection from fire, its general use must reduce the price of insurance in proportion, as the wood to which it is applied will else underneath from coming, before the cement will become impaired. Wood, ornamentally covered with this substance, grained and polished, would be mistaken for beautiful Italian marble. Whether applied to shingles, boards, canvas or paper, its effects are the same, presenting a surface impervious to fire and water. This paint when applied to floors will answer equal to stone it sufficiently dried. It will become as hard as other paint in about the same time, but still continues to harden with age. A chemical combination seems to take place between the oil and the mineral substance, which soon deprives it of its inflammable quintite.

This discovery must be a most valuable improvement in all its various applications, particularly for factories, coaches, railroad cars, and steamers in which purposes it is particularly adapted, and its *cheapness* will render it the more sought after, as it can be furnished ready prepared at his manufactory by Mr. B. at $2.50 per hundred pounds. Hitherto he has been unable to supply the demand for it, but is now making extensive preparations which will enable him to meet the wishes of the public.—*N. Y. Farmer and Mechanic.*

ANECDOTE.

When Dick Aims first crossed into York State, from the Canada side, he took lodgings at an inn in Canandaigua. A waiting-maid sat at the table with them, and Dick spoke of her as the servant, in the un usual control of those here, who told him that in his house a servant was called a *help*. Very well; next morning, the whole house was alarmed by a loud shouting from Dick of "Help! help! water! water! help!" In an instant every person in the inn equal to the task, rushed into Dick's room with a pail of water. "I'm much obliged to ye, to be sure," said Dick, "but here is more than I want to *share with it!*" Shave with it" quoth mine host, "you called 'help!' and 'water!' and we thought the house was on fire." "I told me to help me shave, and bring some water to wet my face," said the landlord, as he led off the line of buckets.

☞ If you would be known, and not known, vegetate in a village; if you would know, and not be known, live in a city.

THE FALL OF KINGS.
CHARLES X.—LOUIS PHILIPPE.

A friend has furnished for the Baltimore American, the following interesting paper, translated from the New York Courier des Etats Unis; writing forth the striking similitude of the leading events prior and subsequent to the fall of Charles X. and of Louis Philippe:

1. The Duke of Berry, son of Charles X.
2. Marries a foreign (Neapolitan) princess.
3. From the marriage springs an heir, male, to the crown.
4. Whose father, the Duke of Berry, dies assassinated.
5. On the thirteenth of February, 1820
6. During your preceding the fall of Charles X. [1829] breed rises to an enhancement price: 1 franc, 50 centes.
7. Retrograding course of the Government, after the brilliant hopes which had been entertained, to induce the friends of their country to address advice to it relative to the crisis about to ensue.
8. These counsels are disdained by the Executive.
9. Discourse of the crown, containing bitter and offensive words against the Opposition, (session of 1829.)
10. Results in the proclamation of 221 deputies.
11. Capture of the Dey of Algiers.
12. Consequences of the 25th July, assailing the liberty of the press.
13. These ordonnances give rise to riotous assemblages on Monday evening, in which the papers are loudly read and commented upon. These assemblages are a species of preface to the Revolution about to break forth on the morrow.
14. The ordonnances are revoked against, and the power falls into the hands of the insurgents.
15. The combat lasts 3 days—the 27th, 28th, and 29th July, 1830.
16. Commencing Thursday and ending on Thursday.
17. The people gain the victory over the royal troops.
18. The gen d'armes in the first to present itself at the combat, and succumbs.
19. It is disbanded.
20. The royal inviolability, as proclaimed in the charter of 1814, becomes a laughing stock.
21. Charles X. is declared at the age of 74.
22. In July, the month of the Duke of Orleans' death.
23. He abdicates in favor of his grandson, the Count of Paris, on years of age.
24. The Duke of Bordeaux is presented as king.
25. He is refused, with the reply that it is too late.
26. A Provisional Government is established.
27. The royal family is obliged to fly from France.
28. And adopts England as its place of refuge.
29. The days after the Revolution, a fearful wind for those days, an inviting gesture, and endeavoring to induce my ghostly friend to make short work of diving at his foot. I confess to kissing the Pope's ring before I parted with his hand.

1. The Duke of Orleans, son of Louis Philippe.
2. Marries a foreign princess.
3. From the marriage springs an heir, male, to the crown.
4. Whose father, the Duke of Orleans, dies by accident.
5. On the thirteenth of July, 1832.
6. During your preceding the fall of Louis Philippe, bread rises to an exhorbitant price: 1st April, 1847, 21 cents.
7. Retrograding course of the Government, after the brilliant hopes which had been made, indicates enlightened men to address counsels to it relative to the crisis about to ensue.
8. These counsels are disdained by the Executive.
9. Discourse of the crown, containing bitter and offensive words against the Opposition, (session of 1848.)
10. Results in the proclamation of 221 deputies.
11. Capture of the Dey Abd-el-Kader.
12. Ordonnance of the present of police, advertised on the 21st of February, assailing the liberty of the re-union.
13. This ordonnance gives rise to riotous assemblages on Monday evening, in which the papers are loudly read and commented upon. These assemblages are a species of preface to the Revolution about to break forth on the morrow.
14. The ordonnance is revoked against, and the power falls into the hands of the insurgents.
15. The combat lasts 3 days—the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th February, 1848.
16. Commencing on Tuesday and ending on Thursday.
17. The people gain the victory over the royal troops.
18. The gen d'armerie is the first to present itself at the combat, and succumbs.
19. It is disbanded.
20. The royal inviolability, as proclaimed in the charter of 1830, becomes a laughing stock.
21. Louis Philippe is declared at the age of 74.
22. In February, the month of the Duke of Berry's death.
23. He abdicates in favor of his grandson, the Count of Paris, on years of age.
24. The Count of Paris is presented as king.
25. He is refused, with the reply that it is too late.
26. A Provisional Government is established.
27. The royal family is obliged to fly from France.
28. And adopts England as its place of refuge.
29. On the day of the 24th of February, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, a fearful wind arose—a tempest, accompanied by thunder and lightning, arose.

30. The Ministers of Charles X are publicly accused.

31. The chief of the family dies on a foreign soil.

30. The Ministers of Louis Philippe are publicly accused.

31. The chief of the family dies on a foreign soil.

AN EVENING IN THE CITY.

[The heartlessness of fashionable life is well hit off in the following amusing sketch from the Boston Post. The anecdote related at the close, which will repay a perusal of the whole.]

"Well, Betty, the first inquiry, almost, was for Mary Carlton, who spent last summer with us. Aunty sent for her, and she came to see us; and we had a delightful evening. Aunty, saying she should have an opportunity of seeing if I could enjoy a city party as much as she used to enjoy our 'old-fashioned country ones' I think it a little strange, Betty, she never asked me to stay a day or two with her. Don't you think so, Betty? I was of her, though I never saw her before aunty brought her to our house! How, though he was my first, own dear little pony, I never rode Gyp once last summer, because Mary liked to ride with me. But Mr. Ward, Betty, I do not came to me with a tiny blue bow and streamers. It had a card in it, saying—

"'Miss Mary Carlton would be at home on Wednesday, 30th, at 8 o'clock, P. M.'

"Aunty was very much pleased, and sent off for a muslin and a bonnet for a dress, though I told her my cashmere was less new. Aunty laughed, and said I must let her exercise her taste as some compensation for not being able to accompany me, on account of her cough. I could hardly sleep for thinking of the party, and the dress was done, it looked very pretty—a pink tarleton trimmed with rosebuds—except short sleeves and low neck in winter seemed very foolish to me. Then, to wear short kid gloves all the evening.

"I'd have worn them, Betty, waiting for eight o'clock at home, but here, I wasn't quite ready then. The carriage took me down to Mary's, and it had to wait for a chance with the others to get to the door. Soon as I got up the front steps, I asked the man at the door for Miss Carlton. He inquired out, 'Walk up stairs, mem!' while another man at the foot of the stairs kept saying, 'Ladies to the front building, gentlemen to the back,' to a stream of ladies and gentlemen who passed him. So I went on, and took off my hood and cloak in one room, and my gloves, and was then pinned, I asked a pretty girl to help me, 'There's the maid,' said she, as if I had touched her with an icicle. When I was ready, I asked for Mary again. 'What gentleman shall I tell for you?' said the maid. 'Oh, I don't know any of them,' said I. 'Please to walk down into the parlors, Miss.'

"So down I went, and such a crowd! However, I never was shy of *good-natured* strangers, we have so many stopping at Plenty Hall. I couldn't see Mary at first; at last, I saw her standing by the pier-table, looking almost solemn, while some stranger was bowing low before her. I saw her bow words to her. I caught her eye, and expected her to run to meet me, but she didn't even speak, so I thought she was playing *bride*, and expected me to go to her. When I got near her, I waited to let her see I loved her (for others didn't, so I was going to salute her as affectionately as possible, but she bowed her head so formally, saying, 'Good evening, Miss Rustica,' I could hardly believe it was Mary. I actually shivered with a chill, Betty! Just then some new comers came up and I stepped aside. They all spoke just that way for all the world like people on cool terms. There I stood like a dunce; here a group of gentlemen; there some oldish ladies, with caps and false curls, with short sleeves and low necks—and some couples promenaded, looking, each pair, as if they were transacting private business. After a while, Mary took a gentlemen's arm and walked too, taking no notice of me or any of my forlorn comrades. Well, I thought, I'll make the best of it, as the people of the house were not going to entertain us, I tried to talk to, and amuse some lonesome-looking girls. No, indeed, not they! such stares as they gave me, as if they wondered if I were named *Peter!* Many pairs of eyes were fixed in the promenade, but looked at me as quickly as if she had never seen me before. Don't you remember our grand quilting frolic, Betty, when Mary was up, that the eloquent lawyer from the county court asked me to dance, and I almost made him dance with *Mary*, because I knew it would please her? How I used to coax our best beaux to ride with her, or drive her about the country? Now, it's no secret, Betty, that young gentlemen and ladies meet in company to spend an evening pleasantly, and to be acceptable to each other as they can. But in the city here, it is not polite or fashionable to pay any attention to making your guests acquainted; so here stands a party of gentlemen, there of ladies—the first, yawning and wishing the *oysters* would come, and the last looking like shoulder-dolls, without their glass cases. To be sure, some *few* seem to have heard of each other's existence before that night. On the whole, Betty, I do long for an *old-fashioned* quilting, or a hearty sleighing party. There's too much *glitter*, and not enough *gold*, that's *appreciable* to me in those *brilliant* town parties.

"I had written the above, when aunty asked me what I was telling you about my city life. So I read it to her, and though she smiled, she says 'it is little too severe—that all fashionable people do not weave the 'cob-web lines of etiquette' into cable chains for the kindly impulses of hospitality.

"'But, aunty, I've heard it said that a great many give those entertainments without justly *affording* it?'

"'Too many. But I'll tell you an anecdote — in the Winter of ——, your uncle and myself had sent out cards for a large party. It was my first, and no expense was to be spared. The very evening before the appointed one, your uncle came home with a strangely clouded brow. My anxiety soon discovered the truth. "Mary," said he, "no mercantile house in the city has a firmer reputation than ours; yet the bitter mortification of a failure is inevitable on the day after to-morrow. I cannot meet my notes then, owing to the failure of some of our principal and apparently most secure debtors." My resolution was taken. When my husband had sunk into uneasy slumbers, I penned the weary night in writing simple, candid explanations to all my "dear five hundred friends." What do you think was the result? A clash of many of those gentlemen, whom, with their wives, I had countermanded spending the evening with me, were so pleased with my candor, as to prevent my husband's failure through their united operations.'

"Aunty gave me a large party last week, Betty, and I've kept my letter to you open, that I might tell you about it. Aunty and I stood to receive the guests, but there's something in a smile and welcome! Then uncle and aunty's fact in making those people so acquainted who would like each other, was admirable. I was right surprised when a young lady sang at the piano, that instead of talking *louder and faster*, as they usually do here, there was quite a hushed and pleased attention. So much for the *bien-seance* of the city. Of which, to more at present."—*W. Continent.*

SHARP.—A little boy, not over ten years of age, was seen the other day cramming his mouth full of "fine cut," when a gentleman, standing by, somewhat amused at the spectacle, asked him what he chewed tobacco for. "What do I chew tobacco for?" replied the boy, "why I chew it to get the strength out of it, to be sure, what d'y think I chew it for?"

A RAILWAY REVIEW.—If all the carriages and engines belong to the Midland (England) Railway were put together, they would extend over twenty-three miles and four hundred and sixteen yards; or, with the engines and tenders, as far as from Chesterfield to Derby.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 151—adults 76 and children 75.

Clippings.

☞ In speaking of the recent explosion on the line of the Hudson River Railway, an Albany paper calls it a blow up at St. Anthony's shoe.

☞ This being leap year, the ladies of Erie, Pa., have taken advantage of the opportunity to go out serenading the gents.

☞ Many a man has gained the reputation of being a great reasoner, when he was only a great bore; or been accounted wiser than his more virtuous associates, because he wore a stolid visage and held his tongue.

☞ Louis Philippe's downfall is accounted for by the fact that he is said not to have read a newspaper in 15 years.

☞ The railway from Boulogne, on the French coast opposite Dover, to Paris, is now open along the whole line. Steam packets are now constant ly plying between Dover and Boulogne, and persons can leave London in the morning and reach Paris at seven in the evening! This is a striking illustration of the power of steam.

☞ Dobbs says that the reason tom-cats are so musical, is because they are all fiddle strings inside.

☞ The *gamins* of Paris (answering to our b'hoys) have thus altered the passage of the Girondin's Hymn, "Mourir pour la patrie," &c:

Nourrir par la patrie.

C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envier."

Intimating that to be *fed* by the country is the "finest lot, the most worthy at envy!"

☞ Dobbs cannot declare that he shall give up the stage, and turn farmer. The most proper place for a *forest* is the country.

☞ The Baltimore seamstresses resolved at a meeting, held not long since: That moderate living and constant employment are absolutely necessary to the support of misery afar off, but unable to discern misery near home.

☞ It is said of the chaps in Vermont, who fear to grow tall, that they eat plenty of lard to make themselves fat.

☞ Short payments make long friends," as the chap said when he paid a little short of his bill.

☞ It is generally conceded that Barnum, by means of his *Humbug*, has *fingered* a great deal of cash.

☞ "Sambo, what are you doing there asleep in the sun?" "I ain't asleep, massa, I'se a contemplating how the Ithara chap made a whistle ob a pig's tail, massa?" "Well, how was it?" "I hasn't come to dat part ob de story yet, for mighty nigh it massa—and dis is de sequel—jus seize the pig by the tail, and give it a ring as you would a brass-wood sprout, and if you don't make a whistle you'll have a mighty loud squeal."

☞ "Dead as a door nail," is the column of the world's temples—the living are the upstanding.

☞ The tuning fork was invented in 1715, by John Shore, in England.

☞ The expenditures of the city of Boston for schools are equal to those of the whole system of schools in England, by the Government, for 17,000,000 of people. They have spent more than each other from year to year.

☞ Somebody advertises in the Lynn Forum for a wife, who "must have blue eyes and hair, feed teeth, a small foot, a pretty head—but one that can work. She must be able to write a letter and know how to talk, and *talk well*. Her height must not be under five feet." We think we know a Lynn girl, now in Philadelphia, that would suit—but whether the advertiser would suit her is another question.

☞ The St. Louis Organ says: "The blunders of compositors are amusing. Miss Cond, of the theatre, has been the cause of two in our office. In one instance she was put down 'Miss Cond,' and, in place of 'gaining on the audience,' she was put down 'groaning.'"

☞ According to Fontenelle, "a beautiful woman is the purgatory of the purse, and the paradise of the eyes."

☞ The shad which are so scarce in our rivers, it seems, have appeared in the Ohio, a very rare thing, and are remarkably good.

☞ Previous to the parties taking their ground to obtain mutual satisfaction by a duel, one of the seconds proposed to toss up a penny to decide which hands "this the other objected as unnecessary. "For," said he, "their hands have been shaking this half hour."

☞ During the coronation procession of William IV. to the abbey, a gentleman on being asked by a lady what was going on, said King was to be anointed with, replied, "If I am to judge, madam, by the number of attendants, I should think it must be *train oil*."

☞ It is a good sign to see the color of health in a man's face; but a bad one to see it all concentrated in his nose.

☞ When the Norwegians first saw cows, they dared not touch them, as they conceived that they were trees budding with fire; and the natives of Virginia, the first time they seized on a quantity of powder which belonged to the English colony, mixed it for grain, expecting to reap a plentiful crop of combustion by the next harvest, to blow away the whole colony.

WOMAN'S WIT AND MAN'S SIMPLICITY.—She smiled. She caught the crystal blush of quick surprise. He saw the smile, and how sparkly it was!

The liquid luster darted from her eyes!

Each look, each motion, marked a new born grace,

That o'er her form its transient glory cast;

She knew inferior wonder soon usurped the place,

Chased by a charm still lovelier than the last.

☞ When adversity assails you, don't grow cross. It prevents not only all sympathy for your misfortune, but also all offers of assistance. People of benevolent feelings are repulsed by your unpleasantness. They are obliged to stand afar off, lest you bite them.

☞ The Berlin girls have taken a solemn pledge never to dance again with an officer of the present Prussian army; of course, they will not marry one.

☞ Mr. H. Spangler and Mr. B. H. Weiser, of York, Pa., went on a fishing excursion one day last week, and caught 295 fine trout, some of which, according to the Advocate, were over twelve inches in length.

☞ Napoleon was a great man—he was a bum! said a friend to a punster in a conversation about the late revolution in France. "He was that," replied the wit, "and he had a mighty *mental* cough, (Mantal-Metternich.)

☞ The Irish pledge, not to drink any more intoxicating liquor until the repeal of the Union, looks like going to work in sober earnest.

☞ The Delta estimates that there is more real intelligence, honesty, and influence in the press of the country, than in a dozen Senates.

☞ It is calculated that more than £65,000,000 are annually expended in the United Kingdom in intoxicating drink—ten times the usual amount of the English poor rates.

☞ Horace Vernet, the artist, has been elected Colonel of the National Guard of Versailles.

☞ A Norman gentleman has invented a snuff-box in the shape of a pistol, which, by the help of a spring, fires the snuff up the nose without the trouble of sniffing.

☞ A down eastern practitioner is reported as being engaged upon a voluminous work, treating of a new disease, the worming of mentathese, under the title of *Morgs-apelas*.

☞ A curious circumstance occurred not a hundred miles from Lismore, Ireland: a poor woman having been delivered of an infant not likely to live, the clergyman was hastily sent for to baptize it, and in the confusion of the moment the child was christened Patrick, whereas it now appears the child is doing well, but belongs to the female sex.

☞ Died at Wexford, Canada West, Mr. Daniel Aiken, aged 120 years. He had, during his life, contracted seven marriages, and had 400 grand children and great-grand-children—320 boys and 400 girls.

☞ A petition is in circulation in Alexandria, Va., numerously signed, praying Congress to pass a law appointing inspectors of drugs in the principal ports, so as to prevent, as far as possible, the introduction of spurious and adulterated drugs and medicines.

Political Intelligence

GEN. WORTH'S POSITION.

In these uncertain and unsettled political times, when every prominent individual, especially if he be a military man, is expected to define his position, we are not surprised to learn that General Worth has fallen into line, and flung his banner to the breeze. We have not yet seen the General's letter, but we learn from a contemporary, that he takes the following ground. In relation to the war, he says that he never knew a war except that for our Independence, commenced under greater provocation or waged with higher humanity, and he is for prosecuting it until ample satisfaction for indignities, and full indemnity for sacrifices, be secured. The United States Bank he thinks a dangerous institution. He is decidedly in favor of the Independent Treasury, opposed to the distribution of the proceeds of the Public Lands, and hopes to see a Tariff, for revenue, critically adjusted to the various *interests and rights* of every part of the country, though he looks ultimately to the establishment of free trade principles. He is in favor of the graduation and reduction of the price of the public lands, so as to place farms within the reach of *bona fide* settlers. The veto power he regards as "essentially democratic, popular, and conservative; placed by the Constitution in the hands of the Chief Magistrate, to represent, in his person, the *absolute* sovereignty of the *people*" and supposes that it is not to be seriously questioned that the people of the different sections of the Union have a right to convey "their property of what ever kind and complexion, to, and participate in the benefits of, the soil acquired from Mexico," or acquired from any other power on this continent. He says:

"As a soldier, I have held it unbecoming to mingle in party strife, or take part in local politics. Others after the field has been swept, seeming to witness a union of the *ballot-box and the cartridge-box*."

"I am now thirty-five years in a profession affording few opportunities to master acquirements necessary to civil station. I believe myself to be a respectable soldier, and have no wish to change positions; in that quality my Government and countrymen have generously rewarded me. The country has from whom to choose illustrious and experienced statesmen from either of the great parties; Case, Dallas, Buchanan, on the one side; the brave and honest Taylor or Clay on the other; and Calhoun, perhaps, between the two—all men with large experience in the civil affairs and civil policy of government. *Infinitely better and esteemed, however brilliant, had never been achieved, than that the public mind should become distempered and misled by mere military distinctions.*"

POLITICAL ITEMS.

"Long John" Wentworth writes home from Washington, that Major General Butler, of Kentucky, and Senator Dix, of New York, are likely to be the Democratic candidates.

Hon. Richard Rush, our Minister in France, writes home encouragingly in regard to the progress of the new Republic.

The National Democratic Convention, which assembles in Baltimore on 22nd instant, will meet, we learn, in the Universalist Church, that building having been obtained for the place of session. The house is a commodious and comfortable one for the purpose.

The Oregon Spectator announces the official returns of the election for Governor as follows:—George Abernethy, 536; A. L. Lovejoy, 520; scattering, 18. Abernethy's plurality, 16. Rather a close election, that.

Until lately there has been no organization of political parties in Texas. The Democrats having lately organized, the Whigs are following their example. The Galveston News announces the departure of Mr. Allen on his way to attend the Democratic National Convention, to which he is a delegate, and says Mr. Allen declares his determination not to vote for any man for President who is not decidedly opposed to the Wilmot Proviso.

The Michigan Whig State Convention have elected delegates to the National Convention, in favor of the nomination of Mr. Clay.

The Georgia Whig Convention have named Gen. Taylor as their first choice for the Presidency, and recommended him to the Whig National Convention for nomination. They have agreed to send delegates, and will support the nominee of the National Convention, be it who it may, provided with theirs on questions involving the Wilmot Proviso.

The Delegates to the Whig National Convention from Maryland are instructed to vote for Mr. Clay, until they are convinced that he cannot be nominated. A resolution in favor of Gen. Taylor as a second choice of the Whigs of Maryland, was lost in the Convention, ayes 21, nays 59.

Both parties now claim the election of Superintendent of Public Instruction, in Iowa, and the full returns are almost wanting to decide. Both Whigs and Democrats have had their crew over the result already.

WISCONSIN ELECTION.—The Whigs have been defeated in Wisconsin. Nelson Dewey, the Democratic candidate for Governor, leads Tweedy about 4,000. The Legislature is largely Democratic in both branches. In the First Congress District, Wm. Pitt Lyon, the Democrat, is elected by a large majority. Also, M. C. Darling, Democrat, in the Second District.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 25th April to the 6th May.

T. Reed	$5 00	C. Smith	5 00
C. Cochran	6 25	J. Carter	5 00
C. Mayo	5 00	H. Stiles	5 00
S. Lilliard	2 00	James Brown	21 00
J. Grimes	2 00	H. H. Mason	5 00
C. H. Roberts	10 00	G. Shoemaker	20 00
J. Anderson	2 00	T. Snell & Co.	2 00
J. N. Dana	20 00	Miss F. C. Powell	2 00
D. J. E. Gorham	3 00	Rev. H. C. Davis	2 00
J. Anderson	5 00	T. W. Snell & Co.	2 00
J. Orth	5 00	Mrs. W. S. Bell	2 00
J. Hamilton	2 00	Miss Ann Bell	2 00
J. Myers	5 00	A. C. Kelly	2 00
J. Duff	2 00	Rev. M. D. Porter	4 00
		April 22.	
A. May	2 00	Mrs. D. C. Patton	2 00
Eli Adams	1 00	N. D. Wagner & Co.	15 00
A. M. Fuller	2 00	W. C. Bilson	2 00
H. Bonder	2 00	Mrs. S. A. Parker	2 00
J. Hall	2 00	W. Gammon & Co.	25 00
E. Rambo	2 00	L. C. Sallade	2 00
L. C. Crawford	2 00	T. H. Pine, J.	2 00
J. Hall	20 00	C. R. H. Wall	14 00
C. V. Kinnear	6 00	S. W. Taylor, Jr.	5 00
C. W. Kinnear	6 00	Mrs. Ann Cooper	10 00
N. W. Williams	2 00	Mrs. L. E. Baker	2 00
W. Gilliam	1 50	M. Hall & Son	2 00

Selected Poetry.

THE SNOWDROP IN THE POOR MAN'S WINDOW.

FROM JERROLD'S MAGAZINE.

It was a dark'ning day
When light but seldom shone,
Save when at noon a sun-ray touch'd
The little sill of stone
Beneath the poor man's window,
Whose weary life was bound,
To weave, at one dull ceaseless task,
The passing unseen round.

Spring's dewy breath of perfume,
And Summer's wealth of flowers,
Or the clanging lore of Autumn's leaves,
He'ne blest his lonely hours
He knew, too well, when Winter
Came howling forth again—
He knew it by his feebler grate,
The more, and piercing rain!

Pierced by the frost-wind's biting,
His cheerless soul lay pined;
What chain'd him ever to the loom
By the little window's side,
But when the days grew longer,
He stole one happy hour,
To steal within a broken vase,
A pale and slender flower.

How tenderly he nursed it
To catch the passing ray,
And smiled to see its folded leaves
Grow greener every day!
His faded eyes were lifted off,
To watch the flow'rdrop bloom—
To him it seem'd a star of light
Within the darksome room!

And as he gently moved it
Near to the sun-touch'd pane—
Oh! who can tell what memories
Were busy in his brain?
Perchance he lived in childhood
In a sylvan valley lay,
And he heard the voice of the running streams,
And the green leaves' rustling play!

Perchance a long departed
But cherished dream of yore
Rose up through the mist of want and toil,
To bless his heart once more.
A trace of mute, whisper'd
Sweet words into his ear:
And he lived again that moonlight hour,
Gone by for many a year!

Or but the love of nature
Which his bosom fondly clav'd—
The same sweet call that's answer'd by
The blossom and the bird!
The free, unfetter'd worship,
Held by the yearning soul,
When it seems to feel its wings expand
To reach a brighter goal!—

As aspiration, shrewing
Earth binds us not her sister,
But we claim a brighter being,
A life beyond the grave!

For Parents.

CHILDHOOD AND ITS REMINISCENCES.

FROM FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

The death of a child! The words are full of a strange and moving meaning; winter following spring, nightfall succeeding to dawn! Fanciful ideas crowd upon the mind hand in hand with solemn truths. That little being who knew nothing here, now to know the end of all things! That vacant intelligence which wondered at the ticking of a watch, now to understand the mystery of its own being. My own child, who was to hang upon my lips for instruction, now advanced where one step from its own world be a revelation to me! That helpless creature, borne from arm to arm, guarded by day and watched by night, too shy to bear the approach of a stranger face, now launched alone in the "vast profound," self-moved by instinct, and strange to all but strange! Will there be one among that crowd of disfranchised spirits who will claim an earthly affinity with it? Will the little brother who departed a year ago recognize this as the babe who entered the bonds of flesh as he was leaving them? Or will it be one of the first signs of a better existence that the ties of blood are not needed in it?

Of all the sorrows in this world, that for the death of a young child brings with it the readiest healing. Would you grudge its having received promotion without paying the purchase-money?—the rights of citizenship without residence?—the certificate of humanity without the service?—the end and aim of life without that weary life itself? The death a child is an enigma, but one which solves many others. The mind may dream and wonder, and form strange conclusions from the weakness of that life which has yielded to the strong arm of death; but two truths remain distinct, more plainly read on that cold marble cherub than on any other form of lifeless clay, and those are, the worthlessness of that breath which a child is summoned to render up, and the fierceness of that grace which a child is able to inherit.

We remember a remarkable dream which occurred at a time when a little being came and went, to leave us again, whom we hardly thought could have claimed a place in our heart but for the void it left; and it always recurs to our mind when we hear of new Life and old Death meeting them instantly on the threshold.

We dreamt that we were conveyed by some mysterious guide to the entrance of this earth. It was a kind of gallery, through which angelic beings, winged and beautiful, were rapidly passing, all to and fro, but each,—none with grace, others with hopeful aspects; their expressions as various as they were legible.

"What does that mean?" we said. "Who are the passing spirits who go all one way, and why are their countenances so various?"

Our companion replied—

"They are guardian angels, each on his way to take charge of a new-born infant. They know not its ultimate doom, but they know the sphere to which it is born, and the probable was and temptations it will be called to. Look at that angel," he said, "with the serious mien, as if a load duty were before him! His charge is the child of the rich and noble of the land, who will bring him up in pride and luxury, and his heart will grow hard and selfish, and deliberate sin in high places has form neryous, and without sorrow the voice of his good angel will hardly be heard.

"And see that spirit who passes with eager, hopeful look! To him is committed the child of a mother's prayer, who is rotting at the moment like a rudd is born into him. But open vices are not as baneful as specious virtues. The child's heart will be wounded and humbled in the sins of his father, and, in paying the penalty for another's guilt, he will himself seek the paths of virtue."

Then another spirit passed, with form but peaceful aspect.

"His charge will be arduous. The child now born will have wilful and tumultuous passions, and his heart will be stubborn and perverse, and he will defy authority, and go far wrong, and the world will say, there is no redemption for him, and even his father's heart will be turned from him. But, in the silence of a sick chamber, a mother will plead incessantly for him, and the child of many prayers shall yet be brought home to the fold."

Then came one with anxious mien, and he was guardian to a genius who would win the applause and idolatry of thousands: and a second, with beauteous compassion, beautiful and morning to behold and he was hurrying to the obscure offspring of sin and shame: and a third, calm and peaceful, summoned to preside over the exact heart of a poor orphan, who inherited the blessings of assisted parents; and a fourth, full of solemn anxiety, who hesited to receive his charge from a royal cradle, and a fifth, whose countenance of less anxiety we dared not ask the cause of; and many more, all going to their varied posts,—to the children of the good and the bad—the high and the low—the careless and the unbelieving, till we were tired of asking; when, suddenly, came one, distinguished from all by the radiance of joy upon him.

"What is his charge?" we said. "Surely, it must be that of some future saint upon earth?"

"No," said our conductor, "he is the angel of a child who has died at its birth, and he is going to carry it straight to heaven."

And then we awoke, and found it was only a dream; but ever since then we have never heard of the death of an infant without thinking of the joy on that angel's countenance.

It is a grave and momentous question, not whether little children should be taught religion, but how much they can here to be taught. The present age sets little bounds to the quantity and many minds will ain and suffer much ere they recover from the disgust of over-repletion. Now and then a child is born with all the elements of thought and the brightness of heaven both set on his brow, who lives in religious thoughts, as Mozart did in musical, and leaves us in to the joy of angels. But ofttimes such a little hypocrite is manufactured with the view of premature vanity of the worst kind upon him, who prates of holy things by rote, and lives to be the disgrace of men. But with children of good health and average understanding, the relish for religious things, although unfailing, is so exquisitely delicate, that the only rule we can observe is not to overdo. Long services and prayers, and strict fastings, and all the routine of so-called evangelical teaching, are almost, without exception, vanity and vexation of spirit with them. Short prayers and beautiful hymns they will love; but even these, if one such recall our own childhood, we shall remember that every child associates the ideas with some fanciful theory agreeable to his own imagination, or reduces the words to some jingling gibberish agreeable to his own ear, —innocent, but absurd for the whimsical ways of a child are nonsense to us, and mischievous to most Sunday-school teachers. We remember always saying—"We believe in the Father Almighty, maker of Heaven and earth; and on all things visible and invisible." We were ready to believe in anything in the world; one thought for seven, when time had rectified the mistake, that no one had ever cross-questioned us upon it.

But these things matter not. The form of sound words, as near as possible, is till we can give for the winged thoughts of religion, which bless whom they list, to pause and recite in; and not too much even of these. And, above all, we must forbear to question a child on its religious feelings. All high thoughts are indivisible to himself, and all indefinable thoughts shy to others; a child who can explain such in an inquisitive form of words, spiritual or material, is incomprehensible to us, and, if brought prematurely into daylight, perishes.

But a child is a praying creature, though he prays indiscriminately. We always prayed in distress. We remember praying when our mother was ill, and when we half dropped a sixpence and could not find it. We prayed in all earnestness upon occasions which we should think profane now; but we were a child then, and God is the kingdom of Heaven."

A child's ideas of what Heaven is are among the deepest mysteries of our nature. The captive soul's involuntary conjectures of its native land,—now rising into the sublimest poetry—now grovelling in the basest materialism, according as it catches against the stones of its prison walls, or catches light through the chinks between them. This is sacred ground we should especially forbear to plant or trample in. General ideas of beauty, goodness and happiness, in the presence of God, with parts of the right hand forevermore, and angels ever bright and fair, we may dwell on; but having thus lifted him up from earth, let us not presume to question him whither he wanders. Even with the best intentions we may err, whenever we seek to define what we know as little about as himself, and, perhaps, less. It is a mournful picture, and tells a sorrowful tale, that anecdote of the little Scotch girl, who asked her mother what Heaven was like.

"My dear, it is like a perpetual Sabbath."

"Oh, mamma," said the child, "how dreadful!"

As for tangible descriptions of heaven, whether as the shape of gold or light, or singing birds or green leaves, or playthings or sweetmeats, they should be carefully let alone, or a child's natural logic will soon puzzle his reason and ours, too. Not that such descriptions are so absolutely wrong, but that upon your authority a child puts implicit faith. For we should never forget that there is that inconvenience in the intercourse with young children which troubles us in no other,—namely, that they believe all we say.

There is a curious letter extant from Luther to his little son which bears upon this question, and which it may interest our readers to see:—

"To my dear little son, Hansigen Luther: Grace and Peace in Christ:—

"My heart-dear little son, I hear that you learn well and pay diligently. Continue to do so, my son; when I come home I will bring you a fine fairing. I know of a pretty, joyous garden. Many children enter therein, and wear little golden coats, and pick up beautiful apples under the trees, and pears, and cherries, and plums; and sing, and jump, and make merry; and have, also, beautiful little horses, with golden saddles and silver bridles. Then I asked the man whose garden it was,—who the children were. And he said to me, 'The children are those who love to learn, and to pray, and to be good.' Then said I, 'Dear man, I have also a little son, by name Hansigen Luther, may he not come into this garden, and have the same beautiful apples and pears to eat, and wonderful little horses to ride upon, and play about with these children?' Then said the man, 'If he is willing to learn, and to pray, and to be good, he shall come into the garden,—and Lippus and Justus, too; and if they all come together, they shall have pipes, and kettledrums, and lutes, and music of stringed instruments; and they shall dance, and shoot with little cross-bows.'

"And he showed me then a fine meadow in the garden all laid out for dancing, where hung golden pipes, and kettledrums, and fine silver cross-bows. But it was too early, for the children had not had their dinner, and I could not stay to see the dancing. And I said, 'Ah, dear sir, I will instantly go back, and write all this to my little son, that he may learn, and learn, and be good, in order to get into this garden!' And he has a little cousin Lena, whom he must bring with him.' Then said the man, 'So shall it be, go home and write to him.'

"Therefore, dear little son Hansigen, be diligent to learn and pray, and tell the same to Lippus and Justus, that you may all come together into the garden. Herewith I recommend you to the Almighty, and give Cousin Lena a kiss from me. 1530."

This is a letter worthy of the founder of German Protestantism,—a Mahometan paradise, or the fairy-land of Tieck's Little Elves, and works of merit to bring you in! However, this is not the place to discuss this subject. As a description of heaven to young children, we deny that it is committed to their natural hearts. They know it to be something not of this earth, earthly,—no mere play-ground when their lessons are over. They have also an awe—half natural, half acquired—of the very name of heaven, unless we render it irreverently superficial, which is worse than from asking for close details; or, if a chance child persist in doing so, we may depend he is a little Radical in embryo, who will never get there.

But it is time that we should leave our subject, and return to the children at their happy ease and vocations, from which we have been desultorily considering to the coordinship of their best friends or worst enemies,—their natural protectors or unnatural tormentors,—namely, to their parents. To the outward eye there may seem to be an immense difference between the position of children in life.—Some accident shows us a family of the rich and a family of the poor standing together,—the one with feathers and plumes, dolls and whips, and bright cheeks,—the other with bangled hats, and bare feet, and ugly faces, and, instead of M. for a nursery burden, as a foretaste of a life of labor, in their hands; and a pang goes through us at the inequality of their fates. But this is a wrong view. It is not the inequality of fortunes that affects a child, but the inequality of prodigal children, planted in the child's fate—its good or evil genius,—under whose auspices his life will smile be the fortunes ever so low, or frown be they ever so high. The poor and tender mother will make her children happier through dearth than a tyrant by reign; and by hard and harsh use, through lapping them in luxury. Question many a memory what it owned other children must in the days of its childhood, and it will tell you, with painful tenacity, that it envied them not the toy, or the carriage, of the lord or the fare, or the rich clothing, but the tender mother and the indulgent father; that it envied them the mother's praise—the word of encouragement in her season, and felt that this alone would have made a neighbor was also found among these.

Children may be neglected or spoiled; servants and governesses, uncles and aunts, may rule their fate to their present weal or woe; but there is no happiness and no misery which affect our future reminiscences so surely—which make so deep into the heart, to wither or gladden it in the train of life, —as that which we owe in the days of our childhood to our parents.

But this is a subject which deserves a chapter to itself. We would only add, that in asserting the inequality of a child's lot to consist not in birth or fortune, but in the nature of their parents, we have asserted the greatest inequality of all. Children are born of the lender and harsh, the pious and the unbelieving, the thoughtful and the careless; and their trials will be accordingly. Fleet and our only part is to remember, that "the Lord is the Maker of them all."

Wit and Humor.

THE GUIBBEWAY'S SERENADE TO HIS LOVE.

Sweet dwell with me, and our home shall be
A wigwam full of smoke,
In which you may rest warm with the melody
Of the birch fire's merry stroke.
The soulps of deer, who have turned up their toes,
Shall
Dash, and I there in queenly pride,
And with tinkling heart I will ring my moc,
And paint thy cheeks blue my bride!

Thy tresses I'll dress with sand and gum,
And with oil thy brows I'll grease;
And I'll play on the oyster-shell drum,
And sing the music of Asco and peas;
And dark as a beaver, and wild, and as free
As a poem of the forest
Shall thy children be!

CONUNDRUMS.

"Mr. Snow, I wants to ax you one question."

"Propel it, den."

"Why am a grog shop like a counterfeit dollar?"

"Well, Ginger, I gibs dat right up."

"Does you gib it up?—Kase you can't guss it."

"Jes' tink I hasn't guss it. Now tell me how much your counterfeit dollars, just summed to deform me why a counterfeit dollar is like an apple pie?"

"Oh! I drops de subject, and doesn't know nuffin' 'bout it."

"Kase it isn't current."

"Oh, what a nigger! Why am your head like a bag of dollars?"

"Go 'way from me—why am it?"

"Kase there's no sense (cents) in it."

"Well, you always was the brackest nigger I never send—you always will hab de last word."

A QUEER CUSTOMER.—A gentleman yesterday stepped into the Real Estate Agency Office of Guy H. Steinberg, Esq., under the Patchin House, and asked—

"Have you any Real Estate for sale?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you a sample of some?"

"What, sir?"

"A sample; I am prepared to buy by the load, foot or acre; any way you please, so only I wish to see a sample."—*Buffalo Courier.*

SEEING THE PANORAMA; OR, HOW MR. LARKINS CAME NEAR GETTING HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

The subject of the Pittsburg Sunday Mercury (Mr. Jones) with the following good one, as happening at an exhibition *near* in that city.

Larkins is a money-making man, and a calculating man, and when he goes to any expense, he expects to get "the worth of his money."

The other night Larkins took Mrs. Larkins to see Panorama's grand Panorama. The two tickets cost the round sum of fifty cents, and as the money was freely paid, it may be inferred that Larkins had been reading, and had fully believed, the praises of this exhibition, which have been published in the daily papers.

When the picture commenced moving, Larkins took out his pencil, and began to cipher on the programme which he held in his hand.

"They say it is two miles long in this bill," said he, "and if it should pass in less than two hours I'll set it down for a humbug. A show that doesn't last two hours isn't worth a quarter. However, I'll soon figure it out."

Larkins took out his watch, and shutting one eye began to calculate the rate at which the Panorama was moving.

"How, my dear," said he, "I'll have it. I've ascertained the rate of progress exactly; let me see—five and a half yards make one rod, pole or perch—nought's a nought—five and carry two—"

All at once he dropped the pencil, and looking Mrs. Larkins full in the face, exclaimed in a voice which made half the audience turn around:

"Will I we're in for it, and no mistake!"

"Hush! don't talk so loud, my love," said Mrs. Larkins. "What on earth's the matter?"

"The matter," replied Larkins, "why, we're bought our tickets and we are bound to stay till the thing lets out!"

"Well! what of that? I'm sure the picture looks very nice."

"It does, does it!" cried Larkins, the cold perspiration starting from his brow. "I can tell you, you'll have enough of it then. It's now just half past eight—nought's a nought—six and carry—and if that cursed thing's two miles long we'll get out to-morrow evening exactly at ten-fifteen!" In pity's name! what will become of the poor children!"

And a good thing it was for those two dear little pledges left at home, with nobody to take care of them but a thoughtless nurse, that Larkins made a mistake in his figures, or that the Panorama was not quite two miles long—we don't know which. Had the calculation been all right, the little dears would have been on pins and needles all night, and would have been up at the door, to receive his orders for the next day, after which one of the maids laid the key of the chamber door on the chair next it; they then went out, and Le Brun following them, shut the door after him, and talked with the maids a few minutes about his daughters, and then they parted, he seeming still very cheerful.

In the morning he went to market, and was jocular and pleasant with everybody he met, as was his usual manner. He then returned home and transacted his usual business. At eight o'clock he expressed surprise that his lady did not get up, as she usually rose at seven; he went to his wife's lodging, which was in the neighborhood, and told her he was sorry that his lady's bell had not rung, and gave her seven louis d'ors, and some crowns in gold, which he desired her to lock up, and then went home again, and found the servants in great consternation at hearing nothing of their lady, when one observed that he feared she had been seized with an apoplexy, or a bleeding at the nose, to which she was subject. Le Brun said:

"It must be something worse; my mind ran-sacks me: for I found the street door open last night, after all the family were in bed but myself."

Then there set for the lady's son, M. de Sauvigniere, who hinted to Le Brun his fear of an apoplexy. Le Brun said—

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A smith being now brought, the door was broke open, and Le Brun entering first, ran to the bed; and after calling several times, he drew back the curtains and said:—Oh, my lady is murdered!" He then ran into the wardrobe, and took up the strong box, which, being heavy, he said, "She is not been robbed; how is this?"

A surgeon then examined the body, which was found to be less than fifty wounds; they found the heart, which was full of blood, a scrap of a cravat of coarse lace, and a napkin made into a nightcap, which was bloody, and had the family mark upon it; and from the wounds in the lady's body it appeared she had struggled hard with the murderer, which obliged him to cut the muscles before he could disengage himself. The bell-strings were twisted round the frame of the tester, so that they were out of reach, and could not ring. A sharp-knife was found in the ashes, almost consumed by the fire, which had burned off all marks of blood that might have ever been upon it. The key of the chamber was gone from the seat by the door, but no marks of violence appeared on any of the doors, nor were there any signs of a robbery, for the lady's watch, and all the lady's jewels were found in the strong box and other places.

Le Brun being examined, said that "after he left the maids on the stairs, he went down into the kitchen; he laid his hat and the key of the street door on the table, and sitting down by the fire to warm himself, he fell asleep; that he slept, as he thought, about an hour, and going to lock the street door, he found it open; that he locked it, and took the key with him to his chamber."

On searching him, they found in his pocket a key the wards of which were new filed, and made remarkably large; and on trial it was found to open the street door, the anti-chamber, and both the doors in Lady Mazel's chamber. On trying the bloody nightcap on Le Brun's head, it was found to fit him exactly; whereupon he was committed to prison.

On his trial, it appeared as if the lady was murdered by some persons who had been let in by Le Brun for that purpose, and had afterwards fled. It could not be done by himself, because no blood was found upon his clothes, or upon any part of his body, which must have been on the murderer from the lady's struggling; but that it was Le Brun who let him in, seemed very clear. None of the locks were forced, and his own story of finding the street door open, the circumstances of the key and the nightcap, a lasher of rope found in the house, which might be supposed to be laid there by Le Brun to take off the attention from himself, were all interpreted as strong proofs of his guilt; and that he had an accomplice, was inferred from the great sum of money found in the house, which might be supposed to be laid there by Le Brun to take off the attention from himself, were all interpreted as strong proofs of his guilt; and that he had an accomplice, was inferred from the great sum of money found in the house, which must have been given him by some of the persons who had been employed in the murder.

Upon the whole, the circumstances were so many and so strong, that the jury found him guilty, and he was executed a few days after.

"WHAT WILL YOU TAKE?"

No country in the world is so celebrated for "stump speakers" as the "West." Everybody over the age of "twenty-one" is a politician and a "stumper." Our children suck it from their mothers' breast, a knowledge of the Constitution and the Laws, and as they grow up, they seize every occasion to pour forth their political and legal lore from the stump.

One of the most effective popular harangues to which we ever listened, was delivered at Chillicothe, Ohio, in 1840, by one Dr. D——, of Kentucky. He is a large, corpulent gentleman, full of wit and swaggery, and is not unfond of a glass of "something." During the exciting Harrison Campaign, he accompanied Ex-Governor Metcalfe to Chillicothe, for the purpose of attending a grand gathering of the people. More than twenty thousand freemen were assembled to express their views in regard to public affairs. Among others, "Old Stone Hammer"—Gov. M——, was called upon to address the multitude, which he did in his usual felicitous style. When he concluded, there were loud cries for Dr. D——. The Doctor, however, was by no means inclined to respond. The cries became more and more louder, and being urged by his friends to appear, he mounted the stand. As he surveyed that immense sea of "human faces," his heart failed him, but he determined to say something, and clearing his throat, he began—

"Fellow citizens of Ross County!" Loud cheers from the crowd followed this happy commencement.

"Fellow citizens of Ross County," resumed the Doctor. The multitude, with gaping mouths and ears, were all forward to catch the sounds of his voice. But the Doctor was evidently "stumped." He floundered, faulted, and again commenced:—

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Had a thing thus delivered himself, the eloquent declaimer "retired" from the stand, to the nearest tavern, followed by an immense crowd of delighted auditors. That speech cost the Doctor a "cool twenty" at least.—*Yankee Blade.*

FROM PUNCH.

IMPORTANT NEWS FROM HAMBURG.—The King of Prussia's barber has applied for an increase of salary, on account of extension of work, caused by the length of his majesty's face.

EVIL COMMUNICATIONS CORRECT GOOD MANNERS.—The accounts for the occasional rudeness and want of manners shown by the editors of newspapers, who naturally get an amount of evil communications that must try the politeness, as well as the temper, of any, best bred and the best tempered man in the world.

A BIT OF THEIR PHILOSOPHY.—How beautiful is the saying that "we should always hope for the best, and be prepared for the worst!" For our own part we never enter a grocer's to get our sugar, without finding that the shillings have lost without being animated by the advice of the moralist, who tells us to "hope for the best, and be prepared for the worst."

FURTHER KNOCK OUT AT LEAST AT UNCLE MAX'S DOOR.—Perhaps it does; but there are those who have a monster place to open the door to, than they find the knock proceeded from a runaway.

QUESTIONS FOR ANTHONY VAN CORLEAR TO ANSWER THEM.—How do the French now deal with their playing-cards? Do they still retain the kings and queens, or are they thrown out of the pack, as being too aristocratic for being played from in free Europe? What do they substitute for the kings and queens?—a greater proportion of knaves? or clubs? or what? Al Paris, at all events, the clubs seem to win everything, and to make what game they please. Is the ace of spades considered the best card in the house, which might be supposed to be said there by Le Brun to take off the attention from himself, were all interpreted as strong proofs of his guilt; and that he had an accomplice, was inferred from the great sum of money found in the house, which must have been given him by some of the persons who had been employed in the murder.

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A Singular Story.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE IN OLDEN TIME.

THE MURDER OF LADY MAZEL.

In the year 1620, there lived in Paris a woman of fashion, called Lady Mazel. Her house was capacious, and four stories high; on the ground floor were some rooms for lumber, and in the lowest a grand staircase and a cupboard, where the plate was locked up, of which one of the chambermaids kept the key. In a small room, partitioned off from the hall, slept the valet-de-chambre, whose name was Le Brun; the rest of this floor consisted of apartments in which the lady now occupied, which was very frequent and numerous, as she kept public nights for play. On the floor, up one pair of stairs, was the lady's own chamber, which was in the front of the house, and was the innermost of the rooms from the grand staircase. The key of this chamber was usually taken out of the door and laid on a chair, by the servant who was last with the lady, and who, pulling the door after her, it shut, with a spring, so that it could not be opened from without. In this chamber, also, were two doors, one communicating with a back staircase, the other with a wardrobe, which opened to the back stairs also.

On the second floor slept the Abbe Pontard, in the only room which was furnished on that floor. On the third story were two chambers, which contained two chamber-maids and two foot-boys; the fourth story consisted of lofts and granaries, whose doors were always open. The cook slept below, in a place where the wood was kept, an old woman in the kitchen, and the coachman in the stable.

On the 27th of November, being Sunday, the two daughters of Le Brun, the valet, who were eminent milliners, waited on the lady, and were kindly received; but, as she was going to church, to afternoon service, she pressed them to come again, when she could have more of their company. Le Brun attended his lady to church, and then went to another himself; after which he went to play at bowls, as was customary at that time, and from the bowling-green he went to several places; and after supping with a friend, he went home exceedingly cheerful and easy, as he had been all the afternoon. Lady Mazel supped with the Abbe Pontard, as usual, and about eleven o'clock went to her chamber, where she was attended by her maids. Before they left her, Le Brun came to the door, to receive his orders for the next day, after which one of the maids laid the key of the chamber door on the chair next it; they then went out, and Le Brun following them, shut the door after him, and talked with the maids a few minutes about his daughters, and then they parted, he seeming still very cheerful.

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"WHAT WILL YOU TAKE?"

No country in the world is so celebrated for "stump speakers" as the "West." Everybody over the age of "twenty-one" is a politician and a "stumper." Our children suck it from their mothers' breast, a knowledge of the Constitution and the Laws, and as they grow up, they seize every occasion to pour forth their political and legal lore from the stump.

One of the most effective popular harangues to which we ever listened, was delivered at Chillicothe, Ohio, in 1840, by one Dr. D——, of Kentucky. He is a large, corpulent gentleman, full of wit and swaggery, and is not unfond of a glass of "something." During the exciting Harrison Campaign, he accompanied Ex-Governor Metcalfe to Chillicothe, for the purpose of attending a grand gathering of the people. More than twenty thousand freemen were assembled to express their views in regard to public affairs. Among others, "Old Stone Hammer"—Gov. M——, was called upon to address the multitude, which he did in his usual felicitous style. When he concluded, there were loud cries for Dr. D——. The Doctor, however, was by no means inclined to respond. The cries became more and more louder, and being urged by his friends to appear, he mounted the stand. As he surveyed that immense sea of "human faces," his heart failed him, but he determined to say something, and clearing his throat, he began—

"Fellow citizens of Ross County!" Loud cheers from the crowd followed this happy commencement.

"Fellow citizens of Ross County," resumed the Doctor. The multitude, with gaping mouths and ears, were all forward to catch the sounds of his voice. But the Doctor was evidently "stumped." He floundered